

You never miss the Water till The Well runs Dry.

ROWLAND HOWARD.



Chorus.



- 2 As years rolled on I grew to be
A mischievous boy,
Destruction seem'd my only sport,
It was my only joy.
And well do I remember when
Oftimes well chastised,
How father sat beside me then,
And thus has me advised:—Cho.
- 3 When I arriv'd at manhood,
I embark'd in public life,
And found it was a rugged road,

- Bestrown with care and strife;
I speculated foolishly,
My losses were severe,
But still a tiny little voice
Kept whispering in my ear:—Cho.
- 4 Then I studied strict economy,
And found, to my surprise,
My funds instead of sinking,
Very quickly then did rise;
I grasp'd each chance, and always struck
The iron while 'twas hot;

- I seiz'd my opportunities,
And never once forgot;—Cho.
- 5 I'm married now and happy,
I've a careful little wife;
We live in peace and harmony,
Devoid of care and strife;
Fortune smiles upon us,
We have little children three;
The lesson that I teach them,
As they prattle round my knee:—Cho.